SECOND SECTION

The Sun.

HOLIDAY BOOKS

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GIFT BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

WHY STRANGE STORIES FIND A MARKET HERE

James Francis Dwyer Declares It Is Because Americans Retain Youth.

ALL WOOERS OF ROMANCE

New York Would Stop to Listen if Mlle. Scheherazade Told a Fairy Tale.

By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER.

If Mlle. Scheherazade appeared upon a seat in Madison Square and started to relate a fairy story I am certain she could tie up the business of this big city. I reason thus because I think American fiction lovers remain young till the Grim Reaper overtakes them. They are lifelong wooers of romance and they never suffer from that weariness of the mental knee joints which keeps the middle aged of other nations from climbing the golden stairs and peering out at the land beyond the sunset. They never become coated with the veneer of bilious cynicism through which the wonder story cannot percolate. Belief goes with youth and there is no story too wonderful when the heart is young.

Recently I read the remarks of a venerable writer who has spent much ammunition in attacking the romanticists. Bless the dear, good man's heart! It is impossible to kill the love of romance in a country where a staid Wall Street broker will rise in his seat at the baseball grounds and yell for the Giants till he is short of breath. Age or success hasn't throttled the boy in the broker. He keeps his heart young, and I'll wager that the middle aged baseball fan is capable of reading "Treasure Island" with all the enthusiasm of the 12-year-old youngster.

Dignity sits hard on the Englishman, the German and the Frenchman. The banker from Threadneedle street could not crawl from under his cloak of arrogance long enough to dip himself in the waters of youth by yelling madly for his team, and Long John Silver is a person that he thrust out of his mind on the day he donned his silk hat and started to work in "the City." Blessed is the nation that is short on dignity and long on youth, for it is there that the romanticist will prosper!

Speaking of my own experience as a seller of romance written about places that are far from Broadway, I have found other reasons why the American reader shows a liking for strange tales of the outer rim. There are two kinds of Englishmen, the travelled Englishman and the stay at home, and it is for the latter that the British magazine editor buys material. The stay at home person knows little of places that are beyond the Channel fog; therefore the editor has a tremendous longing for stories that centre on Piccadilly. And Piccadilly has been written of for so many centuries that, like the salt beef of an Aberdeen tramp, it requires a skilful hand to make it look inviting.

With the conceit that comes with ignorance I invaded England in 1906, carrying a bundle of manuscripts that told of happenings in places where the dawn shafts crawl from space; but the British editor was shy. He liked my style, but he was afraid. If I could write a nice little story about the Queen giving a working girl threepence with which the working girl bought a big battleship to defend the country against the Germans, he would take it. But these places that were the other side of the Fog——!

I lifted the siege and carried the bundle of manuscripts to New York and the American editors bought me gladly. They were young enough to dream of strange ports and strange people. There was no Channel Fog to blind their eyes to the outside world and their office buildings were so high that they could nearly see the Arafura Sea of which I wrote!

Since the publication of "The White Waterfall" I have found many reasons why the American reader is attracted to stories of the Outpost camps. To-day the American is the Great World Traveller. He goes up and down upon the face of the big waters and he knows the lonely spots of the Fringe. He sells goods at 10,000 places between Mogador and Melbourne, and from Dar-es-Salam to the outer Paumotus. This old mud ball is small to him, and if one makes a little slip in writing of the narrow streets of Wooloomooloo, where the big tramp steamers wait to fill their skins with bales of greasy wool, one is likely to be taken to task by a farmer in Illinois whose son controls the agency of a compressed air shearing machine in the very street that has been wrongly described.

To the American's knowledge of the world I owe the little measure of popularity which my stories have received. Broadway is wonderful, but the New Yorker knows it so well that he has a liking to read of some spot on the world's frontier toward which our trade tentacles are reaching out. The world is a small place to the imaginative and "The White Waterfall," a tale of the South Pacific, has as much chance with the reading public of the United States as a romance that starts at Forty-second street and finishes three blocks away.

I will admit that no place in the world is more wonderful than New York. I have a longing to write stories of Broadway, but I find that editors desire the stories of the rim, so I write of the places that I knew in the past. In the little "Bust of Lincoln" story I have used New York as the background, but New York to the man who comes from inland Australia is more wonderful than all the cities of the world. Here anything is possible, so why shouldn't Romance makes the big city her home? Belief grows big in Manhattan and the greatest wonder tale that can be told of the rice white beaches of the Islands of the Blest can be outdone in this marvellous old town, where the elevated trains sing the Song of the Zinganis as they race along the skyline.

I am certain that I came to the right place to sell strange stories of the frontier camps. Here is a modern Bagdad whose people have learned to believe, and, as I said at the commencement, if Mlle. Scheherazade in a red sarong that had been dyed in the magic vats of Hassan the Dyer skipped upon a seat in Madison Square and commenced a story all New York would stop to listen. And I am paying the New Yorkers a great compliment.

"To remain young," said the one eyed Arab at the temple gate, "keep in the company of the young and shut not thine ears to marvellous tales."

"THE LADY AND SADA SAN."

Frances Little Adds to Information on "Americanized Orientalism."

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

Frances Little's latest novel, "The Lady and Sada San," which is a sequel to "The Lady of the Decoration," is one more addition to a growing class of books that may be classified under the heading "Americanized Orientalism." Literary relationships are curious things, and certainly that of America and Japan or France and Japan, for "Madame Chrysantheme" must not be forgotten, is singularly interesting.

Lafcadio Hearn was, if not the pioneer in this kind of story, at least one of its strongest exponents. He marvellously interpreted the Japanese mind to Westerners, becoming himself so soaked with Orientalism in the process that finally he joined the country of his literary kinship, with the fatal result of ceasing to be an American without succeeding in developing into an actual Japanese. This obsession by the East, after it has made an entry on the writer's spirit through the joy of literary labor, seems to be asserting itself to-day in the case of Pierre Loti. In his "Madame Chrysantheme," with its delicate dissection of the heart and mind of an Oriental woman, it is the racial dissimilarity rather than the human similarity which is emphasized. But of late Loti has expressed an unappeasable longing for Eastern ideals and ways of life, and has asserted a conviction that the philosophy and practice of the Orient are infinitely preferable to that of the Occident; adding that the East is the only place in which to live a happy life.

Another book belonging in this class is the lovely story of "Madame Butterfly," by John Luther Long. In this little tragedy the spirit of Japan, as it is perceived through Western eyes, is exquisitely portrayed. "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," is the human lesson of this story, while it remains a convincing proof that in the realm of literature and fiction the meeting of the two results in a peculiar beauty. The very fact that there can be no complete understanding of each other's hearts, that there is an eternal aloofness between them, is a part of the attraction. Books of this sort are based on an essential and enduring mystery that cannot fail to stir the imagination.

Oddly enough, not only is this literary entente cordiale established on our side; it has its Japanese expression also. Writers like Yoshio Markino in England and Onoto Watana or Adachi in America have written admirable fiction in which there is the same meeting of Eastern and Western experience. In which, too, there is the same sense of irrevocable difference. Even when a Japanese writer knows us very well indeed, he—or she—stands, as it were, wrapped in another atmosphere. The diction, the attitude, is often curiously occidental; but the spirit, soul perhaps is the better word, remains Oriental. We touch at pens' point only. Yet there is something delightful, alluring, in this approach between two races separated by centuries of diverse civilizations and opposed philosophies. The utterly unknown cannot attract, but this partial revelation, where the gate seems on the point of opening—where the hand is on the latch—this is fascinating.

Just as Yoshio is still Japanese in London, for all his years of life there, or Adachi an Oriental in New York, though expressing himself in an English more flexible and varied than that possessed by many native authors, so Miss Little, as readers of "The Lady of the Decoration" will remember, remains thoroughly American, for all her understanding of and love for the gentle, fatalistic Japanese women who are her friends. As did Lafcadio Hearn, in spite of his Japanese wife and citizenship—for the veil, though it grows thin, is never rent.

NEW YORK IN CHARCOAL.

F. Hopkinson Smith's Book Written About His Own Sketches.

F. Hopkinson Smith, who is an engineer and an artist and an author, has not yet succeeded in exhibiting all his crafts at once. Perhaps some day, wearied of mere virtuosity, he will build a tower, paint it and write a book about it, or achieve some tour de force of the sort. Meanwhile, he calls in dignified fashion for attention with a new book, self-illustrated and entitled "Charcoals of New and Old New York." Doubleday, Page & Co. consented to publish it, as Mr. Smith was not ready to add publishing to his repertory.

Bound in heavy gray boards with white trimmings and a miniature illustration inset on the cover, the volume runs inside to about one hundred and fifty pages, all large, with broad margins and carrying beautifully printed text that Mr. Smith wrote to explain his pictures. As to the pictures, the charcoals themselves are of course the essence of the book.

They show Washington arch, the harbor, Wall street, skyscrapers, Brooklyn Bridge, the City Hall, Castle Garden, Elizabeth street and Clinton Court, the Little Church Around the Corner, the Grand Cañon of the Yellow, the Stock Exchange, the subway, Madison Square, Gansevoort Market, Edgar Allan Poe's house at Fordham and the Jumel mansion. Selected bits of The Bronx are other themes with which the artist-author has occupied his crayon.

Mr. Smith's range over the city has been widely selective and is really valuable as fixing to some extent present day vistas that will be changed like as not day after to-morrow.

Of the excellence of the work there is no need to speak, for Mr. Smith's skill and care in each one of his occupations are known.

STORY OF ITS MAKING AS BEAUTIFUL AS BOOK

Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Tells of "The Shadow of the Flowers."

OLD GARDEN THE GENESIS

Elusive, Spiritual Quality of the Selection of Poems More Than Words.

One of the beautiful gift books of the season in text and in harmonious makeup carries with it a story more beautiful even than the book itself. And this story betrays itself throughout the volume in an indefinable suffusion of a spirit which immediately draws notice. Even a casual glance at "The Shadows of the Flowers," a volume of selections from the poems of the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, reveals that the book carries some elusive, intangible, spiritual quality that has not to do with the mere words printed on paper. And it was the privilege of a representative of THE SUN to glimpse something of the source of that which makes "The Shadow of the Flowers" an extraordinary collection of poems.

It was at luncheon in the dining room of the poet's Boston home, a famous room, in which have been entertained at table most of the world famous folk of this country and visitors from abroad of the generation passing. The atmosphere of association has been wonderfully preserved in the room; one can understand well how it is that the family butler, who has been in the service for over twenty years, growing up from a page, has developed to the point that he has been entrusted with the direction of the Aldrich Portsmouth Memorial for a large part of the year and why he once confided to his mistress:

"My brother has graduated from 'the Tech,' but he doesn't come near knowing as much as I do. But then he couldn't expect to, for he hasn't had the teachers I've had. Why, I've stood behind that chair there all these years and listened to the greatest teachers in the world, to the finest conversation, on subjects of every kind. Why, I couldn't begin to tell how much I know."

It may not be pertinent to drag in this little story before getting on to the story proper of what Mrs. Aldrich revealed about the book in question, but it is hard to get away from the general atmosphere of that room, of the whole house in fact, and of the top floor study, where everything is still placed just as its master left it; an atmosphere which is still so palpitant of his presence that it seems he would appear and speak at any moment.

It was at luncheon, coming back to the point in hand, and the conversation turned to the book and how Mrs. Aldrich chanced to make the selections she did and how she chanced to arrange them in their significant sequence. And then it developed that there was no chance about it at all.

"When the Memorial at Portsmouth," which is the old home of the poet's grandparents, the Bailey house, where he was reared and where he spent much of his time until after the death of his grandparents, "was being planned, Mrs. Tyson of the association was restoring the garden," said Mrs. Aldrich. "She was anxious to put there only the old fashioned flowers such as it originally had, so she asked me for a list. I knew that my husband had mentioned all of them at one time or another in his poems and one day sat down with a volume to go through it and make a list of the flowers mentioned.

"As I found them it seemed a pity to take out the name merely, cutting it from the rest of the line, just as it would be a pity not to surround the garden flower with the leaves proper to it. So in each case I wrote out the entire line or stanza. I had no intention beyond making a list, but when I read it over I found what had been done. Throughout the process of selection I had felt the influence of an unseen hand; without knowing why I had turned over the leaves, back and forth, selecting here and there, with no order or sequence, but directed by something beyond my own volition.

"And when I read it over I found what had been done. It was no mere list I had written down, but a story, a double story. The lines, in their sequence, clearly followed the changing seasons of the year, and, more subtly but just as clearly, the successive seasons of a poet's life from childhood and through youth and love to old age and death."

That is how "The Shadow of the Flowers" came to be. But the story of it is not yet all told. When Mrs. Aldrich recognized the significance of her selections and had consented to have them printed in a memorial book and before she had yet thought of a title, she was one day writing at Mrs. Aldrich's desk.

"I reached in the drawer for a pad," she said, "but there was none there. Almost unconscious of what I was doing, I reached down into another drawer, where there never was a pad kept and where I knew there was never a pad. But I reached into it and drew out a sheet of paper. It was blank save for one line written across it, in his handwriting: 'The Shadow of the Flowers.' When or why he had ever written it I don't know, nor how it ever got stored away in that unlikely spot, nor why I reached in and found it. There are some things that cannot be explained."

That is the story carried by "The Shadow of the Flowers," which is more beautiful than the book itself. And as said before, the text is beautiful, as only the poetic language of Thomas Bailey Aldrich can be; and the makeup is beautiful, part of the illustrations having been drawn by the poet's son, Talbot Aldrich. But when you see the book, notice whether you feel that spiritual suffusion—that indefinable quality which baffled one reader until Mrs. Aldrich told the story of the making of the book.

Arthur Howard
AUTHOR OF "The Man Who Busted Up"

Corra Harris
AUTHOR OF The Recording Angel

Ernest Thompson Seton

O. Henry at his Home Asheville, N.C.

TWO LAPS OF THE GLOBE.

Edgar Allen Forbes's Exuberant Volume of World Travel.

"Twice Around the World" is the straight to the point title Edgar Allen Forbes chose for his book published by the Fleming H. Revell Company late this fall. No travel book in years has been written in so breezy a fashion, in fact Mr. Forbes tells his story with a velocity and force that would be exactly characterized in the log of a deep water sailing ship as "a fresh gale." It will be conceived that there are no lagging moments.

Mr. Forbes's voyages were made with other passengers on the steamship Cleveland of Hamburg, which was the first vessel to sail around the world on a regular schedule. His book opens with a short preface invoking boyhood dreams. Comes a letter to "Captain Sebastian Del Cano, care Commander F. Magellen," in which the fierce (but dead) Sebastian can learn what it is to be "joshed." Then, before the running narrative proper, is a condensed log of the voyage. Mr. Forbes is as keen after a laugh in every other line as the newest vaudeville "act in one." Here is an entry from his log, which will perhaps convey the flavor of the book:

"VILLEFRANCHE, Nov. 2.—Passed along the waterfront at Nice at 3 P. M. The Promenade des Anglais decorated with American flags. Anchored at 4 P. M. Landing in small rowboats.

"Everybody at Monte Carlo as soon as the doors were open. Plenty of winning, but most of us stayed in the game too long. Wise little Quakeress from Philadephia puts down a dollar and pick up thirty at the first dash, then quits."

The book is illustrated with photographs.

BORDEN LIBRARY SOON TO BE PLACED ON SALE

Beauty and Richness, Rather Than Rarity, Appeal to Booklovers.

FINE MODERN BINDINGS

Interesting First Editions and Splendid Art Works and MSS. Are Included.

All book lovers will delight in the sale later in the winter of the library of the late M. C. D. Borden, for it is safe to say that no such collection of beautiful modern bindings, editions de luxe, illustrated art works and extra illustrated volumes has ever before been offered for sale in this country.

The books are not such as are prized for their extreme rarity by the few exclusive collectors, but appeal to every one by their beauty and richness. The covers represent the finest work of the great modern binders—Chambolle-Duru, Gruel, Ruban, Meumier, Mercier, Lortic, Marnis-Michel, Thierry, Ritter, in France; Colden-Sanderson, Miss Prideaux, the Doves Bindery, Riviere, Morrell, Sangorski and Sutcliffe, Zaehnsdorf, De Santy and the Hampstead Bindery, in England; while the Club Bindery has contributed many magnificent specimens of exquisite handicraft which admirably represent America.

Not that first editions have been neglected. Among those included are Beaumont and Fletcher, Barham's Ingoldsby Legends, Boswell's Johnson, Sir Thomas Brown's Religio Medici, the "Kilmarnock" Burns, Cowper's Poems, Robinson Crusoe, Alice in Wonderland, Esquemeling's Bucanniers, Gay's Fables, the Pre-Raphaelite Germ, the Vicar of Wakefield, the Deserted Village, Holinshed's Chronicles, the first Homer (1488), Knickerbocker's New York, Keats's three volumes, Imitatio Christi (c. 1471), Lamb's Works, Tales and Elia, Luther's Sermons, printed in his lifetime; Milton's Poems, Painter's Palace of Pleasure, Pope's Essay on Man, the four Folio Shakespeares, Shelley's Works, Spenser's Faerie Queene and the Complaints, Sterne's Sentimental Journey, Suckling's Fragmenta Aurea, Gulliver's Travels, most of Tennyson, including Timbuctoo and a large paper copy of the Two Brothers, Waller's Poems, the first five editions of Walton's Angler, George Wither, Wordsworth's own copies of Evening Walk and Descriptive Sketches, with numerous emendations and notes in his hand, and a title page and several other pages written by Dorothy Wordsworth.

The everyday book lover too will have his opportunity, and a most unusual one, to secure the standard authors in the finest form, and there are many handsome library sets not in first editions.

Among the treasures of the Borden library is the famous Gough Collection of Cruikshank in twenty-seven folio volumes, replete with etchings, proofs, original drawings, letters, &c. Many are unique and the collection as a whole has only one equal in the world. A collection of letters and documents of Lord Nelson contains the original draft, in his handwriting, of his life and services to his country, prepared by him for Clarke and Ma cArthur's biography, besides numerous letters and documents of Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton and their circle. Other albums are one belonging to the Duchesse de Berry, containing autographs and documents of nearly all the rulers and famous personages of France from Francois I. to the Comte de Chambord (1844); one of letters of the Empress Josephine to the Comte de Lavalette, which also includes original bills of purchases by the Queen, throwing light on her extravagant tastes and their indulgence, and Napoleonic albums of autograph letters, documents signed "Bonaparte" and letters from great figures of the Empire.

The extra illustrated works are exceedingly fine, the inserted material being selected with greatest care and without regard to the expense of the individual plates, many of which are of considerable rarity and value. Mr. Borden's great interest in art is shown in the large number of magnificent art works the library embraces, all in the best edition, often limited to a few copies and all appropriately bound. They include lives of great painters and descriptive works on collections.

There are many examples of fine bookmaking. A complete set of the Kelmscott books, printed by William Morris, is noteworthy for the large number printed on vellum. They have been bound in all the famous styles of binding and in the manner of the greatest masters of bookbinding by Zaehnsdorf. There is also a complete set of the Grolier Club publications, several of which are on vellum, and a complete set of the beautifully made books of William Loring Andrews on Japan vellum, all in exquisite bindings by the Club Bindery. Those delightful books with colored aquatint illustrations which are to-day so rapidly increasing in value are well represented too.

Two books which stand out by virtue of their especial interest are from the library of Jean Grolier. Both are in excellent preservation. There is a volume from Louis XVI.'s library, one from that of Margaret de Valois and one formerly belonging to Gaston Duc d'Orleans. Two copies of the most famous product of Franklin's press, the "Cato Major," one in the original paper wrappers, are here, and here too is the first book printed in New York by William Bradford, Keith's "Truth Advanced."

LITERATURE IN THE SUBWAY.

Patrons Read Everything From Dante to "The Duchess."

Who can help peering covertly to see what book his neighbor in the subway is reading? It may be anything from Dante to "The Duchess," and the pleasure of matching the book to the reader is never failing. It may be anything, but there are certain well known types of readers. There is the slightly stooping young man of æsthetic aloofness who pores over an inexpensive red leather classic; there is the stylish young lady of plumes, furs and jingling bangles, on her way to the office, deep in a best seller of several years previous vintage; there is the pink faced youth in "college cut" clothes, with his Latin books in a strap and his thoughts intent upon "In the Hollow of Her Hand," or a tale of like sentiment, and there is always the shabby little shop girl, jostled because her thoughts are far away, with "The last Days of Pompeii," "The Lamplighter," or some such old favorite in a newspaper cover; it is all one can do to keep from whispering to these wistful romantics to get "Lorna Doone" or "Jane Eyre" and be still happier.

It is the surprising books, however, that make one stare at the reader, the shabby woman frowning over French irregular verbs or the neat handed clerk with a catalogue of farms for sale. Not long ago at 6 o'clock in a Bronx Park express a girl was breathing fast over "The Fall of the House of Usher," but after all what place is more suited to Poe than a subway train rushing along through strange darkness? And once I stood in an open car behind a family of four, all engaged in the works of George Eliot in uniform bindings. Whether this taste had anything to do with the leisurely nature of the population of surface cars I cannot say; certainly one seldom finds any such body of solid literature in the subway.

But every one reads, though the unimaginative are content with the papers. And it would surely give the great Caliph, if he ever pushed and swayed with the rest of us, some pleasure to see how many red books in half calf are annually being thumbed to pieces.

"HIS INHERITANCE."

Good Character Work in Josephine Daskam Bacon's Story.

As we listen to Hugh Gordon telling his own story his precociousness seems somewhat forced at the outset, and it is only when he has discovered the exact nature of "His Inheritance" (D. Appleton & Co., New York) that it all begins to seem natural.

It is a striking story, with a bit of melodrama now and then to make the high lights more pronounced. Yet is the whole career of Hugh interesting, and the uncertainty as to his parentage, not wholly revealed until the closing chapter of Josephine Daskam Bacon's latest work of fiction, casts a pleasant glamour about him that explains as much as it hints at great possibilities. Mrs. Paise is a wonderful bit of consistent character work and a type of the perfect old family servant and retainer that was a stamp of position and refinement in the days of forty or fifty years ago.

Hugh's visit to England and the unpleasant results of his attempt to discover who he really was proved to be just the trial necessary to make a man of him, and it may be assumed that his father was little responsible for his character—so far as we are permitted to know. Hugh was his antithesis. There is a glimpse at a psychological problem now and then, as when Dr. Caldwell is injured in the fall from the buggy and his mentality seems to have changed places with that of the tramp who so fiercely threatened him.

But without doubt Hugh and Chrissy dominate the story, though we see less of the latter than we should like to. It is Hugh's tale we listen to of course, but it is the influence of Nana (Mrs. Paise) and Chrissy that inspires his every act. The picture of a small country town not far from New York, but not yet awake to its value as a suburb, is charming and makes a fitting setting for the most part peaceful chronicle.

REAL MEANING OF "POTLUCK."

One Plunge of the Ladle and Take What You Get.

The real origin of the word "potluck" is unknown to most of the people who use it. In Limoges, France, however, one runs into potluck itself. In a certain corner of that quaint city of jostling roofs there is still segregated, much as if in a ghetto, a Saracen population, probably a remnant of the wave of Saracens that swept over Europe hundreds of years ago. Here they live in their crooked, narrow streets, following old customs handed down from generation to generation. There are many butcher shops in the quarter and outside of each steams a great pot of coup over a glowing brazier. In each pot stands a ladle as ancient as the pot.

When a customer comes with a penny in goes the ladle and comes up full of savory broth and chunks of meat, odds and ends that the butcher has had left over. And what comes up the customer has to take. One can imagine how anxiously the hungry urchin or the mother of seven must eye the inexorable ladle and how a pretty girl might get another draw from the butcher's boy.

At any rate "to take potluck" means to take what you get and say nothing, whether the pot is in Limoges or in the flat of the man who eagerly invites a friend of his youth to dinner.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF 'OLD CHESTER'

The Personal Margaret Deland, Her Childhood and Her Training.

SERIOUS THINKER ALWAYS

Old Chester Did Exist, but No Longer, Just as Depicted in Her Stories.

Very little has been written of the personal Margaret Deland, an unusual thing in these days of promiscuous publicity when one considers Mrs. Deland's position on the roll of present day authors; but this is due to her continuous resistance to any so-called need or excuse for intruding herself upon the attention of the public. Furthermore she has great fear of being misquoted. In other words, she has been burned and she dreads the fire.

It is a pity, however, that her reading admirers have been able to know so little about the personal Margaret Deland, incidents of her childhood, her training and her experiences, her views and interests and activities, for all these are intimately connected with her written work. To a visitor who called on her the other day in her Boston home she revealed herself as being wonderfully charming, with a simple directness of speech and manner, keenly perceptive and alert to observe spiritual reactions of events on people rather than events themselves, cherishing a vivid and fond memory of the scenes of her childhood, which she has immortalized in her "Old Chester" tales, and at the same time actively interested in and living in the events of the present.

Of course Old Chester is or was a real place; many people have testified to their realization of this by writing to Mrs. Deland or to her publishers asking where the place is situated, as they are seeking some such quiet and charming spot. It did exist just as depicted in the stories, but no longer is to be found except in these and in the memories of the author and her childhood associates. In the days when little Margaret Campbell was growing up in Manchester, for that is the town's real name, among the deep lawns and box hedges and flower gardens and sloping meadows and pleasant homes that constituted it and among the prototypes of her Dr. Lavender and William King and the others that inhabited it she was little suspecting that she would some day make use of it at all in books.

Her childhood was much the same as that of any little girl of her time and position. Her family was one of the best in that part of Pennsylvania and earnestly religious, the training resultant from the latter fact being evident in nearly all of Mrs. Deland's work. The training made a serious thinker of the child; and serious in some unplanned channels which now show up amusingly in her recollections. For instance, she was taught that if one prayed with faith the prayer was granted, and she had faith in her teaching. One day she decided to make a practical test. She first read her Bible and put herself into a proper spirit. Then, looking earnestly at a curtained window——

"Curtain, come to me!" she bade.

It was a cruel shock when the curtain paid no heed; it was beyond her comprehension. It was such a shock as most children have by the hundred when they are in the periods of development when they believe literally, when they take for granted, and when they hesitate to question for fear of appearing foolish and being laughed at. However, it is Mrs. Deland's distinction, one of her distinctions, that she has retained an accurate and sympathetic memory of those periods of developing childhood. And this, perhaps, in part accounts for some of the wonderful child pictures she has given us, even though she protests that she now is always ill at ease in the presence of children and is actually almost afraid of them.

After the little girl had grown up and left Manchester, and gone to boarding school near New York, and studied art at Cooper Institute, and begun a career as instructor of design, and married Mr. Lorin F. Deland of Boston—after many years and many vicissitudes her mind turned back to the little Pennsylvania town and, building on her memory, she began writing the Old Chester tales and of that most lovable character in modern fiction, Dr. Lavender, himself a composite of two originals beloved by the little Margaret, Dr. Preston, himself an old Episcopal minister in Pittsburg, and Dr. William Campbell, her uncle, and once president of Rutgers College.

Of course this was long after she had won her first literary laurels. These had come with the publication in 1886 of a volume of poems, "The Old Garden and Other Verses," and two years later with her first novel, "John Ward, Preacher." But it is with Old Chester and the Old Chester folk that the name of Margaret Deland will always be first and most lovingly associated.

She wrote the Old Chester tales out of her memory after nearly twenty years absence, and then, not long ago, she made a great mistake and went back to visit the scenes. It is difficult to say whether it is more amusing or pathetic to hear her tell of the incidents of that trip. Remember Old Chester and then call to mind the outlying districts of Pittsburg. For that is what Manchester is to-day, an outlying district of Pittsburg, and a particularly uninviting slum district at that.

A relative living in the city finally consented to drive Mrs. Deland over to the old home. The relative's equipage was very fashionable, the horses dashing and the harness glittering, and Mrs. Deland thought in her heart how at odds all this was with the simplicity of Manchester. But when Manchester was reached it showed itself no longer in simplicity, but in squalor. At the door of the old home which had once been a parsonage a woman of the strawberry blonde type and of generally questionable appearance put her frizzed head out and demanded their business; at a parlor window Pat was giving his feet an airing on the sill the while he was smoking his pipe, over everything lay the smoke and grime from a hundred great furnaces.

And this was Old Chester.